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Spring 2012

The Charles Viewer



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The Charles Viewer



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Dear Fisher College Community,

We write to you at the edge of a deadline, sitting in ACE wondering apprehensively if we will meet it.

Just kidding. We know we can and will make it. We are, after all, college students. We are pleased with this, the first issue we have ever edited! This year we have a brand new editorial staff, brand new contributors, and one long-term advisor. Thank you, Dr. Martino for sticking with the *Charles Viewer*!

We would also like to thank our wonderful contributors for helping to bring this magazine to life. We could never have made this magazine without you!

Last but not least, we would like to thank Dr. McGovern, President of Fisher College; Dr. Walton, Division Chair of Liberal Arts & Sciences; and Margarita Ascencio, Director of Student Activities; and all of our teachers, parents, and friends who have encouraged us and our contributors over the years. You are the reason we create.

We hope you enjoy this issue of the *Charles Viewer*.

Sincerely,
The Editors :3



NEW YORK CITY BUNNY

ERIN MARTIN



Fisher College

TO BE OF USE

ERIN MARTIN

I envy those who work with their hands and voices.

I have seen them make their living on television and computer screens

And I have heard them on the radio.

I've even been to restaurants, museums, modern temples dedicated to
these people.

Some of these temples hold treasures, tokens and icons, sitting safely
under glass.

The sparkling stage costume which glitters no more, the forgotten,
sedentary drum,

A guitar which once wept in its player's arms, now silenced under the
unrelenting display light.

A sorry echo of the spotlight that once graced its polished curves.



TO BE OF USE (CONT.)

ERIN MARTIN

I feel the pain of these forgotten relics as I gaze at them, I long to break
the glass.

I yearn to feel the fabric of the scratchy sequins on my skin, to feel the
drum beat within

My chest, to feel the rusted strings of the guitars under my tender fingers.

I crave to raise my voice to its fullest potential, for someone to hear me.

Someday, I will no longer be quite like these instruments of others' pasts.

I will no longer be silent; my voice will no longer be wasted.

Someday, my voice will become my power.

To be of use.



WHAT IS LOVE?

BRIAN ODIANA

"Love don't cost a thing," she said
Then why'd you send me out to keep you fed?
I wonder "have I been misled?"
Or if I'm really dreaming
And I'm falling off this bed.

She told me that I'm immature
Asked to go out I said sure
Thinking things would crash and burn
I'll never learn
What is love?

Is it constantly yelling, screaming,
Redeeming one's trust?
Or is it pushing, shoving
And fighting each other till we fuss?
I'd never guess because I'm a typical guy
We're different, nothing in common, you're just shy.
And I try to show you what love is.
It's pretty lame



WHAT IS LOVE?(CONT.)

BRIAN ODIANA

What is love?

Is it having somebody that's hard to tame?

Or a little game?

What is love?

Is it sex, sex, sex?

Making love?

The true feeling?

You're an orange,

I'm a banana, and we're just peeling.

But tell me: are we supposed to be the same?

You just sit around and do nothing.

It's pretty lame.

What is love?

Is it having somebody that's hard to tame?

Or a little game?

What is love?



LOVE TRIANGLE

AARON CAMPBELL

I lust one

But **I** lust the other more

One has a good head...

But the other gives more

Is it Fiction or is it Reality

That more than one person has **feelings** for a man like

me

Or am **I** selfish for leading on all three?

Two other people and... **I** guess including **me**

All these emotions swimming through me like blood

cells

But it's hard to open up to **one** if **I** can't tell

Is it for real? Or is it for fake?

Is this "Real **Love**" or just for TV play



LOVE TRIANGLE (CONT.)

AARON CAMPBELL

I'm not hopping through Hoops

To get played like Flavor Flav

Need an answer now because time is ticking like next

day... 1, 2

You say how much **you** miss **me**

But **I** catch myself saying the same to both...

With two arrows, cupid just played **me**

My head's wrapped

I'm hopping on a boat **I'm** about to sway away...

Away...

Away



FASHION

TERESA CALABRO

Blue summer



RAWR

KRISTA FLETCHER



PAPER AIRPLANES

ERIN MARTIN

He flew every day at the same time, his head always in the clouds. He'd zip carelessly through the sky, the sound of the motor humming along, the propellers of his trusted plane seamlessly chopping through the clear spring air. He'd make his way to the glittering ocean to watch the sun set, when the earth and sky were in intimate contact with each other. Sometimes it seemed that the earth and sky kissed each other on the distant horizon, like lovers bidding their nightly farewell into the dreaming realm. As he witnessed this marvel during the evenings, he thought he'd never need anything else in his life except for his plane, the sky, and the ocean. But as in life, things changed in a single breath.

As the pilot was making his way to the ocean, he passed over a green field. In the field were horses; they grazed lazily as he eyed them from above. But as he looked, a vibrant color caught his eye. Curious, he circled back to see what was in the field with the horses. When he looked again, he saw something orangey and bright shine in the evening sunlight. The second glance revealed a young woman attached to a red flame by the head, her hair a beacon against the green grass below. She raised her head towards the sky at the sound of the pilot's engine rumbling overhead, shielding her eyes from the bright sunlight. He only saw her face for a split second but it was long enough for him to fall madly in love with her. He vowed to himself to impress her, to make her fall in love with him too.



PAPER AIRPLANES (CONT.)

ERIN MARTIN

So began his daily routine of flying over the field with the horses and his Earth Angel. He would fly over the field at the same time every day and she would always be there, her hair a guiding light amongst the sea of green grass. He'd do tricks: fly low, anything to grab her attention, to earn him a smile. She'd look over her shoulder and smile, giving him the occasional wave but this was not enough for him, he desired more; he needed to proclaim his smoldering love for her or he would burst from the intense pressure that his heart put on his chest. He could feel the ribs of his internal cage cracking from the stress his heart put on it.

One day after his usual tricks and maneuvers, he dropped a paper airplane out of the cockpit. It was a love letter. He prayed that it would reach his Earth Angel with the gentle breeze that whispered sweet nothings through her hair. He kept writing letters and dropping them over her field throughout the spring and summer. Fall came and he feared that he would lose his Earth Angel, her hair matching the burning red and orange landscape below. Just as seasons changed, so did her wardrobe; she traded her yellow sundress for the warmth of a royal blue coat, blue as the free sky and the cold ocean.

The pilot grew weary knowing that the temperamental winter was fast approaching, making flying very dangerous, but he was willing



PAPER AIRPLANES (CONT.)

ERIN MARTIN

to take the risk. He could not last a season without his Earth Angel. The seasons changed, and just as foreseen, the wicked winter winds made flying nearly impossible. The pilot desperately flew over the frozen field every day, still dropping love letters, hoping that they'd land in his Earth Angel's hands. On a bitter and blustery day, the pilot flew his plane over the now cold and empty field. Just as he was reaching it, a sudden gust of wind took him by surprise, stealing his control over the plane, making him plummet to the ground. All he could think about was his beautiful Earth Angel in the terrifying moments before his plane impacted with the unforgiving snow-covered ground.

The pilot presumed himself dead as he lay there motionless and cold, devoid of all sensation. He barely opened his eyes when he heard a soft voice speaking to him in the distance. Through the small sliver of light that his eyes offered him, he saw a lock of flaming hair close to his face and he smiled, closed his eyes again and slept for many days. When he awoke, he discovered his Earth Angel by his side, gently smiling and stroking the side of his face. His eyes wandered around the warm and cozy room. He saw close to a hundred paper airplanes hanging from the ceiling, every single one of them written in his own hand, thrown out of his very plane. She had saved every single one of them; she had even climbed trees to get them. He looked back at his beloved Earth Angel and she glanced at the ceiling above and tenderly smiled back at him.



The Charles Viewer

PAPER AIRPLANES (CONT.)

ERIN MARTIN

The pilot smiled and stretched his tired and longing arms towards her and they embraced for many silent, loving moments. They spent the long winter huddled together in her little home by the sea, near the flames of the fire, the pilot finally close to the flames of his beloved's hair.

The seasons changed, as seasons do, and when spring came they were still together, hand in hand. The pilot got a new plane and took to the skies once again but always to return to his Earth Angel at the end of each day. He even took her with him. She marveled at how sparkling and new ocean looked from the sky but all the pilot could think about was how beautiful his bride to be was. The pilot looked over at her and was glad to know that all of his paper airplanes that now hung in her room had gone to good use.

What the pilot didn't know for a long time was that each paper airplane had given the Earth Angel something that she had never known that she could have; they gave her a pair of wings to fly with. Wings to dream on, to fly away from all of her loneliness and sorrow, wings to fly her to her beloved pilot. And there was nothing more that either one could wish for than a pair of wings to fly away with into the big free sky with their heads in the clouds.



DIZZY

ERIN MARTIN



UNTITLED

RATMIR ABDRASHITOV



ONE'S LIFE?

ISABELLE OGOULA

Waiting for something...

Sometimes just a something I ignore.

Balanced between the desire to let everything down, but at the same
time motivated

by a hypothetical reward.

A reward I ignore.

They told me I have to wait.

That everything will come to me if I wait

Every day, I am going there.

Still waiting for this something, this good I ignore.

Will it come?

Isn't it the purpose of one's life?

This something directing every move, every decision, every breath?

Here is the morning, I just woke up.

I am afraid.

Will it come?



ONE'S LIFE? (CONT.)

ISABELLE OGOULA

Days pass, nights finish.

Will it come?

Questioning movements, comparisons, acceptance.

Faith, doubts, all these feelings boiling inside me, making an indefinite
chaos.

Willing to abandon, to quit.

The purpose remains unclear; searching for answers, fear of losing.

Still living, surviving, existing.

Blaming universal forces.

Breathing profoundly, fighting on the inside.

Living, surviving, existing.

The sun is shining, it's a winter morning.

I can feel the wind on my face while walking.

Looking at the blue sky.

Reaching my destination. I look around me, everything is taking form.

Living, living, enjoying.

The wait is over, here, there, this something is finally mine.

Living, succeeding, loving.



BOTTOM UP POEM

CASSIE FERCODINI

(read normally then read from the bottom to the top)

as if you're invisible,

the world is just traveling normally
like you're in a sound-proof room,
with an urge to scream

never know what direction you'll end up.
It's like a black hole.

but no one to help
everything built up

no one to find
An unspoken mind,



DADDY'S

CASSIE FERCODINI

Do you realize what you do to her?
Does anything matter to you?

"I'm a bad person, I won't change"
Repeating in her head, she can't take it.

You have no feelings,
She doesn't even know who you even are
Will she ever get that relationship with you?
Her mind tells her not to want it,
Her heart just wants to know the feeling.

"Daddy's little girl" makes her sick,
Seeing girls next to their fathers,
Tickle wars full of laughter,
Might as well put a dagger to her heart.

You really don't realize what you do to her
She was the only good thing out of you
Daddy's little girl will never be.



PROGRESS

AARON CAMPBELL

Determination, Motivation

Are key words that I use to strive for greatness,

Greatness

Best of the best

I'm on my own lane, I ain't worried about the rest

Hating... Faking things that people do to steer you to the west

Off track

Push you off track

But never let another person be the blame of **Your Success**

The mind is a terrible thing to waste

Do, don't, let what you learn get erased, duplicate

Your **Mind, Education** and your **Wealth** to the fullest

Extend it to the fullest, the best, and **Yes**

There will be **Losses, Depression,** and **Stress**

But it's all a part of the **Road to Success**

Get your walking shoes, because it's a Long **Process**

But remember

It's all a part of the

Progress



ZONED

AARON CAMPBELL

PAPA WAS A ROLLING \$TONE, THAT'\$ WHAT
MOMMA \$AID
AT LEAST
"THAT NAME BEEN DEAD TO ME A LONG TIME AGO"

THE "DADDY" THAT \$HE KNOW\$ NOW IS THE ONE
THROWING HIS "C'S" UP FULL OF ONE'\$
MAKING IT RAIN WITH THEM FUND\$
AS \$HE \$LIDE\$ DOWN THAT POLE
GOING ROUND AND ROUND
LIKE MERRY-GO,
APPLAUD HER WHEN SHE HITS THE....
FLOOR
WHILE CHANTING "THAT'\$ RIGHT, J GO!"
WAIT DID THEY JUST CALL "J" A "HOE"?
"YEP BUT I'M TOO HIGH SO I JU\$T LET IT GO"

THAT CLOUDY FEELING LOUDY, MAKING ONE FEEL
OUT OF BODY, ON THE POLE DOING PALETTE\$
IT SEEM\$ LIKE \$HE'\$ \$MILING, WHEN SHE'\$ REAL-
LY FROWNING
CHAS\$ THEM WATERFALL\$ AND \$HE ENDED UP...
DROWNING
FEELING HELLA WAVY FROM THE CLOUD THAT SHE
BEEN CHASING, FACING REALITY, THAT \$HE CAN'T
FACE
\$O \$HE WAS\$TING CREATIVITY, **FACE TO FACE**
WITH A **FACE** THAT \$HE CAN'T **FACE** \$O \$HE
ERAS\$ AND CUT\$ WITHOUT A **PA\$TE....**

JEZEBEL



PURPLE CLOUDS

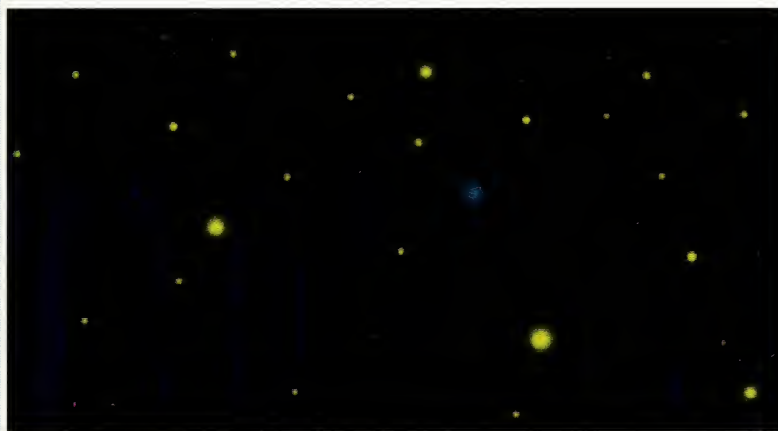
ANONYMOUS

Purple clouds taking charge,
Trees swaying all directions,
Rain pouncing on the windows,
Sound of explosions with lightning strikes as
Puddles reflect the streetlights to
Blind one gazing through a
Dark, foggy, and gloomy window.



DANCING WITH FIREFLIES

VAN NGUYEN



THE RED LORD

AVONELL COOK

I am He Before Whom the Sky Shakes, the howling of the desert wind. The force of my anger moves mountains of sand, carves a new landscape, and rebuilds the world. I bring the storm to your people, the torrents that knock you to your knees, drowning you in a sea that is only moments old. I split the sky with lightning, strike fire to your hearts.

I am the Lord of the Red Land, the desert, the place of death. My domain is that fiery place where no man dares to go. Alone under the sun's seething beams, I hunt through the dunes. I navigate the desperate places, I fight the poisonous ones, and I live.

I am Great of Strength; I alone can stop the Evil One. I stand at the head of the sun-boat. With my spear, I fight the One who Would Destroy All. It is my destiny, for I am the god who stands apart. I save the great king with my mighty arm, and when the Serpent is slain, I case the fragments of Its body into the fires of the sun.

I am SET, once king of this land, and I live to fight again.



BOSTON SUNSET

DAURYS BATISTA



Fisher College

SUSTAINABILITY

ERIC ACHEAMPONG

We have been given only one planet Earth.

This is the land of our birth.

It contains the water we drink.

Its resources are starting to shrink.

There are many ways to help the planet we cherish

Instead of helping it to perish.

We can recycle many of the things we use every day

And use less energy and see flowers in May.

Though it is tough to change an old habit

We have to preserve the planet we inhabit.

We would also be saving the money we earn

And have less fuel to burn.

Let's try to be green

And see our water completely clean.



NEON LIGHTS

RACQUEL RHODENIZER



WATER

IYSHIA HAROLD

I am like a king that lost his throne. When people look at me they sometimes treat me as waste, and forget that their bodies cry for my taste. I am a prayer in some 3rd world country, where they beg for me to be clean. And sad enough I even cause disease. But remember, do not blame me for these things because it is greed that causes me to be this way. Do not forget that you can help me make a change.



LIKE MY MOMMA

IYSHIA HAROLD

I wanna be like my momma, a black woman who can fight drama. She sheds no tears when Hell comes to fight. She always wins, and I show complete honor. She is beautiful too. But I won't tell her that because she might blush and get cocky. I know she will because she is just like me. Even though we don't look the same, we still be similar in various ways. I'm just a quiet version of her. One of my weaknesses is I cry, cuz my heart is so big and the world is so small, it can't handle my love. She can put a barrier over her heart. I'ma have to learn how she does it. I wanna be like my momma. I can't help but repeat that statement in my mind. When I close my eyes, I see her smile and making people laugh. That's my momma, so beautiful. Thank you for being you. I'ma one day be just like you. Yeah I said, just like my momma.



For Reference
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